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IMPRESSIONS

OF A

TRIP THROUGH EUROPE.

A LECTURE

DELIVERED BY

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IN THE

RICHMOND STREET METHODIST CHURCH.



IMPRESSIONS

OF A

RECENT TRIP THROUGH EUROPE.

This is not a lecture in the ordinary acceptation of that term, nor have I the slightest claim to the high-sounding title of a lecturer. I am old-fashioned enough—or old fogey enough, if you will—to associate with that title the idea of a public instructor; and although examples are not wanting of so called lectures that have little instruction in them, I don't think it would be advisable to add to the questionable list the observations of a very ordinary traveller as he took his holiday rambles in Europe. It was necessary, I suppose, in getting out a ticket to call this a lecture on "Impressions of a Recent Trip Through Europe," for tickets, like other forms of advertisement, must flaunt in exaggerated colours, and no one thinks of tying them down to the literal truth. This, however, is simply a quiet talk about objects of interest that would attract the attention of any man whose holiday rambles might take him to any of the cities of the Old World.

Dwellers on this side of the Atlantic have some pleasures that are comparatively unknown to their less fortunate brethren on the other side. Pleasures of hope, pleasures of memory, and pleasures of imagination they have in common with us; but in the exercise of these, as a holiday excursion to the other side of the water is planned, we have a decided advantage over them. Europeans may visit America, be impressed with its marvellous resources, or admire the beauty of its scenery; but how short-lived is the impression and how quickly the admiration fades away! We have nothing to aid the outward sense in fixing these impressions on the mind.—No rich colouring of historic association; and it is just this colouring that gives to European landscape its richest charm.

We have fairer landscapes than they. We have nobler rivers; our cities will compare favourably with the cities of the older world; but ours are peopled with a race of ordinary mortals like ourselves, while their cities have an added population in the long line of heroes who have made their names famous in the world's history—men whose fame has fired the imagination of our boyhood and has grown with our growth, until we have peopled most of these old cities with a race of giants taller than the tallest Anakim that ever frightened Israelite from the land of promise.

These phantom giants of the past, whether they be soldiers or statesmen, poets or preachers, are meeting you at every turn, and they are really the men with whom we most associate, and whose company gives us most pleasure as we visit the places made famous in song or story by their lives or by their deeds.

Fleet Street, in London, makes no great pretence to architectural beauty, and the crowds that jostle you on its sidewalks are ordinary men and women, whose rapid movements proclaim them solely intent on the everyday business of life. But the stranger visiting London for the first time sees but little of this ordinary traffic. If he be a man of any imagination at all, he is more likely to see Dr. Jonson swinging along with awkward stride, touching the posts that still, in imagination, obstruct the thoroughfare. Or he follows Charles Lamb as with idle step he saunters towards his office in that building near Temple Bar. Or, it may be that, with Goldsmith and Boswell, he crosses to the tavern opposite, where to the present day a very comfortable lunch may be had at a reasonable figure. He is as likely to meet Thackeray and Dickens, with their marvellous creations, as he is to meet Brown and Robinson of the present day. But, if he be too intent upon communing with Thackeray and Dickens, it is

likely enough that Brown and Robinson will elbow him off the sidewalk, and he will awake to all the realities of a London life.

But if I keep on in this strain I will try your patience with a questionable attempt at a lecture, when I might better excite your interest by a simple story. I must ask you, therefore, to come with me in imagination while we make a rapid run through some of the more interesting parts of Europe.

We will cross the Atlantic in the *Russia*, one of the best steamers of the Cunard Line. It sails early in July, so we have every prospect of a favourable passage.

At eight o'clock in the morning the signal is given, the steamer glides slowly from the pier at Jersey City, and two hundred and thirty passengers for the next ten days are the occupants of one house, separated from all the rest of the world. No telegraphic or postal communication with anyone; no morning paper to read; no *Evening Telegram*, with spicy paragraph; no business to worry them in any way. This ought to be the height of human felicity, but it isn't. Indeed, some in the ship, with strange perversity, call it the very depth of human woe, and when we reach the other side there are but few to wish the voyage might be extended for another day. Ten days of a

"Life on the ocean wave"

is about as much as anyone cares to have at one time.

The first day is one of excitement. You are all anxiety to know what your new home is like. Your first visit is, of course, to your own particular room. This you will find to be just six feet long by five feet wide. On one side are two berths awfully narrow, as you will find when you try to turn in them. On the other side you have a sofa. There is just room enough between this and the berths to allow you to stand while performing your toilet, but not enough for you and your room-mate; so you require to make a preliminary arrangement as to the right of way, and one berth dozes on contentedly while the other is making his toilet.

Having inspected your room, your next visit is to the dining saloon to find out your place at table.

Formerly you could choose your own seat, and the first object of each passenger was to get into the dining saloon and secure a seat by placing his card upon the table at the place selected. This gave rise to many an ugly rush and many a bitter word, which produced anything but good feeling for the journey. Now a better system prevails. The steward has the passenger list, and on a slip of paper he writes out each passenger's name. The dining table is set before the passengers come on board, and each passenger will find his name on some plate on the table. This is his or her seat for the voyage. As the seats are long benches, holding five or six, that passenger is fortunate who gets an outside or end seat. Strange changes come over individual characters at sea. It is not unusual to see your neighbour full of life at table, entering into conversation with zest, and charming a whole circle by his ready wit and drollery. Suddenly the drollery ceases, perhaps in the middle of an anecdote; an air of profound thoughtfulness comes over the speaker, and you know instinctively that his meditations, whatever they are, can only be continued in the silence of his own room, or while he gazes abstractedly into the waters as he leans over the side of the ship. In such case an end seat is always desirable, so that the individual may retire to his meditations without attracting too much attention.

Having found your room and your place at table, you will probably spend the rest of the day weighing the merits and demerits of your fellow passengers, and wondering if the one who is to be your room-mate is likely to be an agreeable companion, or the reverse. This is a matter of some importance, for your rest at night may be sadly disturbed if your companion be giver to certain social customs which make his climbing to the berth over you a hazardous experiment for you as well as for himself.

Of course your companion may be a model of propriety, and yet be a serious annoyance at night; for he may be a snorer, and in a room six feet by five snoring ought to be strictly prohibited. I think if I had my choice I would prefer

the man who practised wild gymnastics for half an hour getting into bed, rather than the musical genius who would keep up a nasal song the whole night through.

But in any case you will not sleep very soundly the first night. You will be cramped for room, the pulsations of the engine will throb right under your head, and your experience, as you are being rocked in the cradle of the deep, will be such that you will heartily wish the deep would let your cradle alone. By degrees, however, you get accustomed to your new life, so that you can sleep soundly in spite of the throbbing engine or the jerky rocking of the deep.

Life on board a steamer soon becomes monotonous. Your circle of acquaintances may embrace the whole passenger list; but then, as these for the most part are strangers that you meet for the first time, you find it rather difficult to hit upon interesting subjects for conversation. You can't discuss the faults and foibles of mutual friends where you have none, and everyone knows what an agreeable topic of conversation that is. Only walking cyclopædias can take part in any subject of discussion that is introduced, and by general consent walking cyclopædias are voted bores of the first order.

The most popular man on board ship is he who can devise the best way of killing time, and many are the strange devices introduced by way of amusement to while away the time that can't all be occupied in eating or sleeping. If on King Street we were to see twelve young bloods harnessed, six to each end of a long rope, and pulling for bare life to see which half-dozen could pull the other across the street, we would be perfectly astounded; and yet that is one of the ordinary occurrences at sea. Shuffle board, a game something between curling and hop scotch, is the other outdoor exercise; while for the cabin at night there are the never-failing cards, chess, drafts and dominoes. On the whole, you can manage to kill time for ten days tolerably well; but if your days should happen to be rainy, foggy or stormy, you will be prepared to hail with increased enthusiasm the first sight of land on the other side.

And England is a lovely country to see, even though your first view be only through the windows of a car, rushing at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

To a Canadian, whose railroad experience only brings up dim visions of endless forests, the change to a roadway running through lands, every inch of which is under cultivation, is very striking. Between Liverpool and London the road runs through a garden of undulating ground that fairly teems with corn. And as you pass through hamlet or village or town that is associated in your memory with some story, real or fictitious, such as Rugby, Tamworth, Harrow or Stafford, it requires an effort to convince yourself that this is all real, and that you are not under the spell of some fairy tale.

English railways differ from ours in many important particulars; and although they have their advantages, I think on the whole our system is much more perfect than theirs. In the first place you are shut up in a small compartment; and where, as sometimes happens, two or three friends have this to themselves, it is very pleasant. You can talk upon any subject without having a circle of listeners you don't want. Then the carriages ride more easily, and there is less noise than on ours; but there the advantages cease. You have no boy coming round to regale you with peanuts, no lottery packages dropped into your lap to be nursed like a doll until the determined urchin returns again to collect them with a manner that is all protest against the trouble you give. And what is a real and standing grievance against all English railways, you might die of thirst on the road and you couldn't get a drink of water for love or money. They have absolutely no accommodation for passengers in transit. They carry you safely and speedily to your journey's end, but they never dream of ministering to your wants on the road. And yet John Bull thinks he has the most perfect railway system in the world. He won't even admit that our system of checking luggage is better than his awkward mode of conveyance. There your traps are placed in a compartment of the car on which you travel, and they are safe enough in transit; but, arrived at the end of your journey, each passenger claims his own luggage, and there is positively nothing whatever to hinder any stranger from claiming and receiving luggage that belongs to another. Think of a nervous,

unprotected female having any comfort in a journey with such a prospect before her! There is no such thing as calmly walking to the cabstand and handing your check to the cabman, while you contentedly enter his cab. You must first secure your traps, then, with your arms full, make your way as best you can to the tender-hearted cabman who awaits you outside.

There are many ways of seeing London, and probably one of the best for those who have but a limited time at their disposal is to see it from the top of a 'bus. As these ply in all directions, from aristocratic Regent Street and Piccadilly, down through St. Giles, and on through Whitechapel to the Mile End, phases of London life are presented which are not easily seen in any other way. As a rule, too, the drivers are well informed, and not indisposed to gratify your thirst for knowledge. But you will probably be seated with the driver some time before this thirst for knowledge comes upon you. The fact is, you are in a constant state of nervous apprehension. The streets are crowded with vehicles of all sorts, carriages, cabs, carts, drays and donkey waggons crossing and recrossing each other in every possible direction, until you are satisfied that there is no possibility of getting through without crushing a cab or riding over a donkey waggon. Yet, in the midst of all this seeming confusion, your driver sits serenely, steering his great omnibus with such skill through each winding channel that, in a burst of admiration, you are likely to forget your principles, and treat him to what he so much loves—a pot of English ale. Yet this traffic is one of the sights of London. To sit on one of the 'busses, at the Mansion House, and watch the gulf stream of humanity as it flows round the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, gives one a new sensation, which is much heightened as you lift your eyes towards Cheapside and see how the surging masses strike against each side of the street, and eddy away into lanes and alleys with all the restless regularity of a heaving sea.

The 'bus top at night brings before you, in all its brilliant hideousness, one of the greatest curses of London life—"the gin palace." Far as the eye can reach, in any street you may be riding through, you see, at regular intervals, a house brilliantly illuminated. As you get near you see that there is a constant stream in and out of the illuminated palace; yet nearer still, and from your point of vantage on the 'bus, you can see, over the ground glass that covers the lower part of the window, that the place is still full, and that fully one-half of those who are thus squandering their earnings, blighting their homes, and nightly adding to the criminal classes, are women.

It is no wonder that in London great wealth and luxury are yet surrounded by extreme poverty and wretchedness. Their drinking habits are simply awful, and the crowds at these gin palaces must represent untold misery somewhere.

Perhaps I should add, by way of mitigation, that as a rule Englishmen in their cups are not quarrelsome. You can pass through these reeling ranks wherever you may meet them, at any hour of the night, and if you mind your own business no one is likely to molest you. Much of this security is, of course, due to the watchful care of London policemen; but when you have credited them with what they may justly claim—and it is generally admitted that the London Police System is the most perfect in the world—there is yet room to credit much of the street security to the inoffensive habits of the Londoner, even when under the influence of drink.

The moral police system of a community is centred in its churches, and there is certainly no lack of these centres in London. On the Surrey side of the Thames, not far from Blackfriars' Bridge, a plain, unpretending building that would scarcely attract your notice as you passed on a Sunday morning, is forced upon your attention by the long stream of humanity which bends its course in that direction. Entering with the stream, you find yourself in the far-famed Spurgeon Tabernacle. The audience-room is about as long as the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, but very much wider, and it has two galleries instead of one. The church is uncarpeted, and the pews are not upholstered; yet there is an air of great neatness and cosiness throughout. As a stranger, you must stand in the aisles until the pew-holders have had an opportunity of taking their seats; but at five minutes to the time for beginning the service, if the pew-holders are not

in their places, then they have to stand during the service, for the ushers clap their hands three times as a signal that vacant seats may at once be filled, and a great deal of disorderly crushing immediately takes place.

It is a grand sight to see a room capable of holding six or seven thousand people densely packed, so that the preacher has before him "a sea of upturned faces." They have no organ in the church. A man from the back steps out and, taking his place near the minister, leads the singing, and the first burst of music from that immense congregation sends the blood trickling through your veins until you catch the enthusiasm, and, whether you know the tune or not, you join with all your heart and voice in the service of song.

Mr. Spurgeon is a thick-set, burly Englishman; has a voice of great compass and flexibility, and speaks with great deliberation, as indeed he must to be heard by such a crowd. He uses very little action, makes no effort to produce an effect, and yet you feel as you listen that a man of extraordinary power is moulding a vast audience at his will. And you know that one of the secrets of his power is his faculty of clothing thought in simple language, and illustrating his subject by the incidents of everyday life.

More pretentious a good deal than Spurgeon's Tabernacle is the City Temple on Holborn Viaduct, where Dr. Parker holds forth. His congregation is not as large as Mr. Spurgeon's, simply because you cannot put five thousand people into a church that will hold only three thousand. The doctor's appearance as he comes into the pulpit creates a favourable impression. He has a lion-like head, and he does not proceed far with his discourse until you find he is lion-hearted. No secret sin of London life will go long undetected or undenounced in his church, and his denunciations are likely to be remembered. With a full, rotund voice, something like the voice of our Canadian Dr. Douglas, he shoots out sentences that tell. He is a great mimic, and makes a plentiful use of that power. His illustrations are just about the last you would think of, and yet their appropriateness is at once seen and felt. His congregation listens with breathless attention until he chooses to relieve the tension by some mimicry that makes the whole church smile audibly. If I were a Londoner I think I would want to go very often to hear this famous Congregationalist.

City Road Chapel I suppose is the Richmond Street Church of London. It is an old-fashioned building that has nothing but its associations to recommend it. The pulpit is yet one of those old-fashioned sentry-box affairs that church architects delighted in, when they thought it was necessary to inform the people that preachers were watchmen on the walls of Zion who must be perched up in a tower to warn their flocks of the enemy's approach. In Wesley's time this perch or watch-tower was three feet higher than it is to-day. No wonder he so frequently addressed a stiff-necked people. He would take a crick in the neck himself if he had to change places with his long-suffering congregation. No good Methodist visiting City Road comes away without sitting in Wesley's chair and plucking an ivy leaf from his grave. It is a certificate of orthodoxy that some visitors sadly need.

There are two churches in London so crowded with ghosts that even in broad daylight they shut out the living and leave you alone with the mighty dead—St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. The very names make one's blood tingle, and strange sensations thrill us as we walk those time-worn aisles, where

"Stiff the hand and still the tongue
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung"

You can never walk those aisles alone, for you feel the breath of the ghostly visitants that throng there, and you hear strange voices echoing down the corridors of time as the shades of England's dead wander from place to place, it may be still taking note of passing events.

If one could get rid of the tremor that makes the skin creep at the very thought, it might be worth while hiding from the verger to get locked up for a night in Westminster Abbey.

When the shades of evening fall, and those gloomy gates are shut to mortals, do those other shades come forth, and is there a meeting in the cloisters of those whose names are inscribed on monument or slab within those walls? If there

is, what a strange meeting it must be, and what a strange procession would pass before the mortal hidden, let us say, behind the screen in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. In yonder aisle, to his right, from under a costly monument Queen Elizabeth rises, and hurries with guilty tread along the passage, to find her way into the cloister. She dare not cross the nave in front, for there, to the left, Mary Queen of Scots is ready to remind her that she came, a refugee from Scotland, to throw herself under the protection of the Virgin Queen, and that a long imprisonment, ending in death by beheading, was the result as far as she was concerned. It is no wonder that Elizabeth, slipping behind Buckingham's Tomb, finds exit in another direction. But perhaps in that other world they forgive and forget, and both these shades may join hands and seat themselves near Henry the Seventh's tomb, too close to the mortal to make him feel comfortable in his hiding-place.

Who is that great burly fellow walking arm in arm with the tall but slight gentleman of dignified appearance? They come from the further end of the Church, and seem interested in the newly-carved stone. These are Fox and Pitt, forgetting that they were rivals, and only eager to know that England can yet present orators and statesmen who would do credit even to their age. Back yonder, immediately behind the Seventh Henry, Cromwell comes to see the slab beneath which he was buried, and Charles the Second rises up to tell him that his remains were removed at the Restoration. I wonder if they quarrel over such a trifle? If they do, it will go hard with Cromwell, for Monk, Duke of Albemarle, is in that spot, and he is bound to defend the man he did so much to restore.

What noisy mirth is that the mortal hears in yonder corner? Only the poets indulging in their witticisms. Addison has run from Queen Elizabeth's aisle, where his dust lies buried, to find more congenial company in Spencer, Butler, and rare Ben Jonson; while Chaucer is reciting, for their amusement, the Canterbury Pilgrim, and Dickens is graphically describing the London of to-day. There, too, are Goldsmith, though his body lies in the Temple, and his great friend but rough patron, Samuel Johnston. Right from under the mortal, where he stands, rise George the Second and Queen Caroline. James the First is behind, trying to get over the railing that keeps him in with Henry the Seventh. And here, from the left, comes a gentle lady, but lately introduced, and on whose tomb the immortelles still rest, Lady Augusta Elizabeth, wife of Dean Stanley, who preaches from yonder corner yet.

Does the mortal care for music? There is the monument of George Frederick Handel, with his arm resting on the instruments, and before it his Messiah, open at the air, "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth"—one of the most appropriate monuments in the whole gallery. Shakespeare's monument alone approaches it in this respect. He is represented holding a scroll, on which is written, "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind." Wesley himself, whose tablet is in the other nave, nods approval as he reads these words. Bulwer Lytton and Thackeray are there, and indeed it would be hard to think of a character that lives in song or story whose shade does not stand beside some monument in this historic pile.

But meanwhile a shadowy procession is slowly making its way from St. Paul's to take part in the deliberations of the ghostly assembly. It is headed by the Duke of Wellington, whose body lies under the centre of the dome of St. Paul's; and amongst those who follow you may recognise Nelson, Picton, Abercromby, Collingwood, Howe, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Moore, Bishop Heber and Lord Melbourne. They come down Ludgate Hill, up Fleet Street, through Temple Bar and down the Strand, stopping for a moment at Trafalgar Square to admire the column raised to commemorate the deeds of Nelson, then on through Whitehall and Parliament Streets until they reach the door of the Abbey, which, being open to receive them, gives exit to our mortal who may not be present at the counsels of the mighty dead.

Before leaving Westminster Abbey it would be well to spend a few minutes

in Edward the Confessor's Chapel, where you may see a rickety old chair that no lady present would care to have even in her back kitchen; yet Queen Victoria and every sovereign of England for six hundred years was crowned in that chair. If some of the theories taught at the present day be correct, then I laid my hand on the stone that Jacob had for his pillow at Bethel,—the famous stone on which the ancient Scottish kings were crowned. It lies under the same old rickety chair in Westminster Abbey.

It is hard to leave this part of London, for right across the square meets the Parliament of England, the greatest debating assembly in the world. The House of Commons is not as large and not as well finished as our Commons Chamber at Ottawa. There are no desks for members, but long benches like the pews in a church. The Ministry occupy the bench on the Speaker's right, and the leaders of the Opposition the corresponding bench on the other side. These advance to the table when speaking; the other members speak from their places in the House. I shall not attempt to describe the character of the oratory to be heard in the House of Commons; but it is not going out of the way to say that the leading speakers in our Canadian House of Commons would take a front rank in the British House. Sir John A. Macdonald, Alexander Mackenzie, Edward Blake and Dr. Tupper would be felt acquisitions in a chamber that is swayed by eloquence, but governed by a sturdy common sense. I may also be allowed to say that, in debating power, the Ministry and the Opposition, as at present constituted, are very equally matched. That was my impression after listening to a four nights' debate on a want of confidence motion. Sir Stafford Northcote's sturdy sense carries conviction against Mr. Gladstone's vehement eloquence, while the other speakers, on either side, are fairly matched in oratory.

Mrs. Malaprop says that comparisons are odorous but a Canadian, listening to the debates in the English House, is mentally saying, "We have a Canadian Gladstone in Mr. Blake, and a Canadian Stafford Northcote in Mr. Mackenzie," and a visit to the Upper House will convince him that we have a Canadian Beaconsfield in Sir John A. Macdonald.

The House of Lords is a magnificent chamber, gorgeously decorated. At one end is the Throne of State, with the Royal Arms above. To the right stands the Prince of Wales' Chair. Down from the Throne are steps where, on State occasions, other members of the Royal Family are allowed to sit. The whole is fenced in from the rest of the Chamber by a brass railing.

The Peers' benches are covered with scarlet, and when the Queen takes her seat, arrayed in her Robes of State, while the lords and ladies are robed and jewelled in holiday attire, the sight must be worthy of the greatest monarchy in the world. But even when the Chamber is empty there is an air of grandeur about it that befits its place in history.

Entering the House at five o'clock, I expected to see the Chamber filled with Peers waiting to transact the business of the Empire. What I did see was the Lord Chancellor on the woolsack, two bishops in their lawn sleeves, and six peers who looked very like country farmers gathered together to discuss the state of the crops. I was in some fear that there would be an adjournment, and that I would not see this famous house in session. But in about fifteen minutes the peers began to gather, and after a while I saw one coming from behind the Lord Chancellor's seat whom I knew at once, although I had never seen him—the hero of my boyish dreams and the one man who can yet claim the homage due to a hero; who, without social advantages, by the mere force of his genius, aided by an unconquerable will, had made himself leader of the proudest party in England, who now occupies the highest seat a subject can hold, and who at that time certainly filled the largest place in the world's eye of any man living—Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. And yet there was something disappointing in his look and port. He has a strange kind of a walk, something between a walk and a shuffle. He does not seem to be certain of his legs, places his feet down flatly, and so glides into his place. And when he is seated, there is a strange air of lassitude about him as if he was tired of the world and all his success in it. He looks like a man wearied and nearly worn out. He has not an English face, and yet you would scarcely call it Jewish. He wears no beard

nor moustache, simply a black goatee, which I think detracts from his appearance. He seemed to be proud only of two things, his very glossy black hat and his glossy curl of hair. The hat was carefully placed on the bench beside him at first; then, as the Marquis of Salisbury strode forward to take a seat near his chief, it was hastily but carefully placed under the bench; then, remembering the danger in which it stood from restless feet, it was placed on the table, to be immediately afterwards removed to its final resting place under the table. The owner seemed to care more for that hat than he did for the carping criticism of his adversaries. There he sat with a countenance perfectly impassive while the Earl of Carnarvon was referring with much warmth to something he had said on a former occasion. Lord Carnarvon's speech was cutting enough, one would have thought, to have fired up his old chief; but when he rose to reply, he didn't seem to think it worth while to warm up in any way. He advanced to the table, pulled out his handkerchief, then placing both hands on the table and never once lifting his eyes, he said what he had to say in an even tone. He speaks very deliberately, has a good voice, stumbles now and then over his words, and in closing imparted to his voice just a shade of contempt for his opponent that allowed you to see what he could do if he tried.

Coming from the Houses of Parliament, the stranger, wishing to extend his tour, takes the train at Charing Cross, London, and in ten hours the traveller is in Paris, which is certainly the most beautiful city on the continent. It must always look cleaner than London, for it has not the smoke of a thousand factories to blacken its marble walls. Then its magnificent boulevards, none of which are less than one hundred feet in width, lined on either side with marble palace, or palace like stores, built with an eye to architectural effect throughout, these must always make Paris the queen of beauty among cities. There are very few buildings in Paris erected by private individuals. Great building associations are formed, and in this way whole streets are built up upon some well-defined plan and with reference to general effect. It would be a good thing if in some of our Canadian cities we had something to take the place of these building associations.

In walking through the streets of Paris one is disposed to look narrowly at the men and women, who, all unconscious of such scrutiny, are only bent upon present enjoyment. You can't forget that these people every now and then get up a revolution on a grand scale, and at very short notice. You know that these very streets and boulevards have frequently run crimson with blood, and you wonder how it is that these gay, laughing crowds can suddenly be turned into very fiends. The Place de Concorde is the chief square in Paris, and I suppose is the finest square in the world. It is bounded on one side by the Champs Elysees, on the other by the garden of the Tuilleries. In the centre is an Egyptian monolith, the brother and the very image of the one now standing on the Thames embankment, known as Cleopatra's needle. But in the very spot where that monolith now stands, there stood during the Revolution of 1793 that far-famed guillotine, whose bloody work has sent a shudder of horror through the civilized world. There the ill-fated Louis XVI. and the unfortunate Marie Antoniette met their fate, and there the best blood of France ran so deeply, that one of their own writers has said, "All the waters of the Seine, which runs hard by, could never cleanse the spot." It is some consolation to know that the arch-fiends of the Revolution were here overtaken by their Nemesis, and that one after the other, as one party succeeded another—Danton, Desmoulins and Robespierre—had to ascend the fatal scaffold and feel the keen edge that had sent three thousand of their victims into eternity.

From the Place de Concorde a short street called the Rue Royale runs up to the Church of the Madeleine. It was in this street that the Communists seven years ago erected their most formidable barricade, and when it was stormed by the troops some three hundred of them took refuge in the church, where they were slain to a man.

If you are looking at the Madeleine from the spot on which the guillotine stood, you will say, "served them right," for you have only to turn to your right and look down the avenue upon the noble ruins of the Tuilleries, fired by these

same Communists in their wanton rage to be satisfied that they were wild beasts and not men. The Palace of the Tuilleries thus wantonly destroyed extended from the Rue de Rivoli down to the embankments of the Seine, or in other words the building would reach from Adelaide Street to Front Street. A costly pile of marble to be delivered over to the mob, who filled it with petroleum and then fired it in several places. No one can pass the ruins without a feeling of regret, and there are few that pass without moralizing over the vanity of human greatness. During the present century Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III. all lived there in regal state, the undisputed sovereigns of France; and yet, with the single exception of Louis XVIII., they all died in exile. Vanity of vanities.

As you stand at the Palace of the Tuilleries the scene presented before you is in daytime one of unequalled beauty, and at night one of unequalled gaiety.

You have first the garden of the Tuilleries half a mile in length, and nearly a quarter of a mile in width, brilliant with flower and shrub and foliage of every colour, and richly adorned with marble statues of exquisite workmanship. This garden opens out into the Place de Concorde, and where the square runs into the Champs Elysees the Seine takes a bend which gives additional width to the fields.

These "fields of paradise" extend about half way to the triumphal arch erected to commemorate the victories of the first Napoleon; but from the arch itself down to the palace, a distance of two miles, you have a noble avenue, which from four o'clock until seven is crowded with carriages, containing the rank, fashion and beauty of Paris. Off the avenue on each side are promenades for pedestrians, about the width of an ordinary street, and back of these again, away among the trees and flowers, are *cafes* and theatres and concert rooms, that at night fairly blaze with the innumerable gas jets that cover them in fanciful designs. These are the pleasure grounds of Paris, and if you want to get a fair idea of the way in which all classes enjoy themselves, I know no place better worth visiting than the Champs Elysees.

A stranger landing in Paris at night and going straight to the Champs Elysees would be apt to think that the whole city had united to hold a monster picnic in these beautiful grounds, for he would find thousands of people there, enjoying their evening meal out of doors, comfortably seated at tables so conveniently arranged that they can watch the carriages rolling along the avenue until their lights dance like fireflies in the distance, while their senses are being lulled into harmony with the fairy scene by the soft strains of music that float seemingly from every part of the enchanted ground.

It is a wonderful place, and they are a wonderful people these Parisians. Light hearted, gay, bent on present enjoyment, and caring little for what the morrow may bring forth, or rushing madly from the evils of to-morrow into that dark eternity which they mistake for the land of forgetfulness. It is a sorrowful sight; but a visit to the low, white building behind the Church of Notre Dame too frequently shows that figuratively, as well as in reality, there is but a step from the Champs Elysees to the Seine, the Morgue, and all the realities of another life.

As this has taken me to the neighbourhood of Notre Dame, perhaps it would be as well to say that in this church, for a very moderate fee, they show you the costly vestments and ornaments of gold that have been presented by the reigning sovereigns of Europe during the present century. They don't look as if they were ever worn; but I suppose it must be nice to have such rich clothing even if they are too good to wear. They are kept in huge drawers that swing out their full length on rollers, so that the garments lie before you without crease or wrinkle to mar the beautiful embroidery of gold. Here, too, they keep the vestments, all stained with blood, of the good archbishop who was murdered by the mob when he appeared before them as a peacemaker, clad in his Archbishopal robes. His mission was a holy one, but infuriated fiends have little respect for the sacred offices of religion, and another martyr's blood was poured upon the soil of France. But the very atmosphere at this point of the city reeks with blood. You have only to cross the bridge towards the Louvre—for the

Church of Notre Dame stands on an island in the centre of the Seine—and there, directly opposite the palace of the Louvre, stands a plain church that is regarded with a strange interest by all Protestant visitors. There is nothing attractive about it, whether viewed from without or within. It has that strange fascination that the horrible exercises has over the mind when you stand on a spot made infamous by a monster crime. This is the Church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, whose tolling bell at midnight gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The blood of thirty thousand Huguenots seems to rise before the vision yet, whenever that bell tolls the passing hour of day.

Passing from this church, round the corner of the Louvre, and following the right bank of the Seine, ten minutes' ride by 'bus or by boat will take the visitor to the Paris Exhibition.

Now, it is so easy to describe a World's Exhibition that one feels almost irresistibly inclined to do it whenever he gets the chance. True, it requires a knowledge more or less perfect of manufactures and of mechanics. It requires skill in art and graphic powers of description, but this never hinders the speaker who may be sadly wanting in any or all of these accomplishments. He has only to get a ticket of admission, then deliberately resolve to walk through every passage or corridor in the building, if he perish in the attempt; and having religiously carried out this resolution, and left, with a confused idea of colour and form, not exactly certain whether the goods in the last corridor were woollen or iron, or whether the pictures in the last gallery were ancient or modern, water colour or oil, he is prepared to do full justice to every object of interest on exhibition. He will do them justice, because he searches the morning papers to find out what there is worthy of admiration, and he admires accordingly. In his rounds he may not have noticed that which he finds is specially deserving of praise, but that will be an advantage rather than otherwise, since, with a better conscience, he may be able to adopt the opinions of the press, merely altering the phraseology so that there may be some originality in his criticisms.

I forget just now what the papers said about the Canadian display, but I know that the Canadian trophy erected at our end of the building was neat in design, and one of the most noticeable structures in the place. With this very moderate criticism I shall leave the Exhibition to the skilled writers in the press, while I ask you to accompany me from Paris to Geneva. There is not much in the journey calling for remark until we pass Macon, a town south-east of Paris; but from that point to Geneva it is a constant succession of surprises. You have no sooner started than you find yourself skirting the Jura—part of the Alpine range—and as your train makes its way through gorge and valley your eyes are drinking in all that is beautiful in scenery. First a lofty peak frowns threateningly over your head, then you turn a sharp curve and you have a mountain green with pasture. Soon you shoot into a narrow defile, and as it widens before you the mountains seem to recede and leave long slopes with acres upon acres of grape vines growing down their sides. These vines don't grow any higher than field peas, and look very like them as you pass along.

Then the scene changes again. On either side peak rises after peak, until your eyes ache trying to look for the summit, and you rest them by watching the play of sun and shade as one peak after another throws the rays here and there to intermingle with the varying foliage of the trees.

As the range rises you can see the white clouds play about the lofty peaks like puffs of smoke coming from the artillery of some mighty fortress. And then, before you know it, you are on a piece of table land rich with orchard and with vine. This is a great wine-growing country, and you pass miles upon miles of grape fields stretching up the slopes of lofty mountains. The table land in these ranges varies very much. Sometimes you have a narrow belt running perhaps a mile, then again a wide basin extending for several miles all round. And as you are feasting your eyes on the grassy slopes you suddenly find yourself in total darkness—your train with a shriek has entered a tunnel, and on emerging from the other side you are again threatened with frowning rocks, so high up that you have to get your head down near the floor of the cars to see them.

After you have reached Culoz, the Rhone runs parallel with your train, and

another feature of interest is added to the scene. Here it runs calmly and smoothly, there it dashes wildly along; now it narrows, and then it widens as the features of the country give it a bed or it makes one for itself.

By-and-bye you begin to mount, and it begins to sink, until at last it looks like a grey-blue ribbon stretched from rock to tree far in the gorge below.

Without knowing why, you find yourself, as you pass through this scenery, taking long breaths and almost gasping because of the magnitude of your surroundings. But all this has a wonderful power in belittling the works of man. When gazing at St. Paul's, in London, you have a feeling of reverence for the man who could rear such a stately pile, and with such perfect symmetry. But here the architecture of the Creator dwarfs into nothingness the most lofty conceptions of created man. In some long-forgotten era, perhaps before such a thing as man existed, at a nod from the Creator, nature, by some sudden upheaval, piled these gigantic monuments in perfect order, mountain upon mountain, until they touched the skies. And the eye is never weary gazing at the harmony of the whole.

Men make a grand mistake when they spend all their holiday time in cities, admiring the masterpieces of their fellow-man, when they might better be employed on the Alps gazing in wonder at what nature herself can do under the hand of the great Master Builder.

Geneva shows well. It slopes up from both sides of the lake, the houses rising terrace after terrace from the water, until they seem to lean against the surrounding mountains. In the newer parts of the city, the streets are wide, well-built and clean, but, in the older parts, they are narrow, overhung with tenement houses and perfumed with stale cabbage. If you have arrived at Geneva with a vague notion that the influence of Calvin's teaching is yet felt, and that the people are grave, awfully straight-laced, and especially noted for their observance of the Sabbath, you will soon have all these notions rudely dispelled. The people are gay as Parisians, fully as easy in deportment; and the Sabbath, if kept at all, is kept simply as a day of recreation. The people are French in their language, French in their manners and French in their customs. How John Calvin's bones can lie quietly in his grave, in the city he once ruled with a rod of iron, while *cafes*, and workshops, and concert saloons are doing their largest trade on Sunday, is something surprising.

Yet, if we may judge from street names, some dim idea of religion, as he preached it, clings to the neighbourhood where the old Reformer lived, for there you have such streets as Purgatory Street and Rue D'Enfer. I have to give you that name in French, because the English of it is never mentioned in polite society. The very best that can be said in favour of spending a Sabbath in Geneva is that you may there have the privilege of listening to the Macauley of Methodism, Dr. Abel Stephens, who officiates at the Hall of the Reformation, and the privilege will more than compensate for the disappointment you experienced when you waked up to the fact that Geneva was no longer the stronghold of that Reformation.

The journey from Geneva to Chamouny is by stage. It is only fifty miles, but it takes ten hours; and ten hours' staging under ordinary circumstances is a pretty severe penance. But staging, or any other mode of conveyance, through the Alps is a constant source of pleasure. To the right, towering so high that it strains the neck to look up, are the eternal hills, covered with vegetation, and this in such steep places that you would think only a mountain goat could scale them. To the left, and sometimes much too near the edge to be pleasant, far down below, the River Arno dashes itself into seething foam against the rocks in its channel. Every now and then you see a mountain torrent, leaping madly from crag to crag, sometimes with a fall of a hundred feet. Then for a while you run upon a smooth table land, where the peasantry are busy gathering their harvest.

But if you have been accustomed to go into rhapsodies as you read about Swiss chalets and the Swiss peasantry, quietly prepare to consign all such notions to the regions of romance, for the chalets are miserable, dirty-looking cabins, and the peasantry are a miserable, dirty-looking race. If you want to get a

tolerable idea of a real Swiss chalet, take a good sized stable, lift the roof off, whitewash the body that is left; your stable windows and doors are just right. Now, where the eave of the roof came, build a gallery all around the house; then add a storey, and let your new roof project five or six feet over the gallery. That's a Swiss chalet. In many cases the horse, the cow and the pig occupy the ground floor. The Swiss family have the next storey, while the upper is devoted to the comfort of turkeys, geese and other fowl.

The women are—well, I was going to say homely, but that would be a very weak word—they are positively ugly. They wear very short, blue dresses, with a striped cotton jacket, or a striped dress with a blue jacket. They wear the stockings that nature gave them, and leave the impression that nature wants a washerwoman.

The men are better-looking than the women, but they have nothing to boast of, so there is no use trying to go into ecstasies over this specimen of the *genus homo*.

At Soulanges, where we first come fairly in sight of Mont Blanc, there is considerable disappointment. You see the snow on its peaks, but there are other peaks all round that seem to be very much higher, and you wonder that they are not snow-clad. Your surprise, however, will be somewhat lessened when you are told that you are yet twelve miles away from Mont Blanc. It is such an enormous mass of rock and snow, and the air is so greatly rarified, that it seems to be towering right over you, when as yet it is miles and miles away. It is only by degrees that you can grasp the idea of size in this monarch of mountains. First, you let your eye travel up slopes that are under cultivation, and by the time you get the space thus covered fixed in your mind, by calculating how long it would take you to walk over it, you are ready to lift your eyes a little higher and take in the acres of tall pines that rise, terrace after terrace, until you think they will never cease. Then gaze higher, and see ridge after ridge covered with moss or mountain fern. Then, after this again, you have the bold rock standing out towards the heavens, and then you have the snow rising, rising, rising, until you can scarcely tell which is snow and which is cloud. That's Mont Blanc, the monarch of mountains.

"They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks,
In a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

Then you are to remember that Mont Blanc is but one of a range of mountains stretching for hundreds of miles around, and far as the eye can reach the horizon is broken by peak and cone and crag, that you can liken to nothing but the shapes taken by the banks of white cloud you see on a fine summer's evening towards the going down of the sun.

I find it would be utterly impossible in the course of one evening to do any justice to the many places of interest that lie in the route I travelled after leaving Chamouny. Berne, the capital of Switzerland, where you seem to be perpetually wandering through back lanes looking for front streets, and never finding them, because you are on the front streets all the time. Geneva, with its beautiful lake and the romantic scenes that are associated with the name of William Tell. The Rigi with its marvellous railway running up a steep mountain to the height of five thousand feet, where you can see the whole range of the Alps stretching for hundreds of miles away. From Lucerne we pass on through Zurich to Romanshorn, where we take steamer and cross the old Swabian Sea, now called Lake Constance, to Linden, thence by Munich to Vienna, where a rest of a few days is somewhat broken by a hopeless attempt to understand the German tongue. In Switzerland or in Italy a knowledge of French will carry the traveller fairly through, but in Germany it is somewhat embarrassing to change cars at a junction if you have only five minutes to ask a man, who does not understand you, to give you information you can't understand. This reminds me of my last drive in Vienna. The porter at the hotel who could speak English sent for a cab and gave the driver instructions to take me round the principal streets and point out any object of interest that might be worthy of attention.

I can vouch for the fidelity of that cabman in following out his instructions. He was quite eloquent over some gloomy looking mansions, but what he was saying must forever remain a mystery. I didn't understand a word of it. I fancy that he gave me the names of different palaces ending with "ach" or "bach." I didn't want him to think that all his eloquence was thrown away, so looking as intelligently as possible I would reply smilingly with "Yah, yah." This sometimes brought a look of doubt into the orator's eyes, and he would repeat what he had been saying, when I would try to improve my answer by saying "Nien, nien." I thought I would be sure to hit the mark by one of these replies. For a time that was evidently satisfactory, but in a few minutes I would see that coachman scratching his head thoughtfully. An answer which consisted of yes and no, when he began to think of it, seemed to be a little puzzling, and there would be silence for a time. But that man was a born orator, for in a few minutes he would be expatiating as freely as ever, and not to discourage him I would reply by a bow, which was neuter in meaning, and seemed to answer my purpose well. But it is a serious drawback to the pleasure of a tourist in Germany not to understand a little of the German tongue.

They are an exceedingly polite people, and will do almost anything to make you feel at your ease, but their ability in this respect is not always equal to their desire, for like us some of them have but an imperfect acquaintance with other languages. As an instance of that native politeness which springs from a kindness of disposition and considerateness for others, I may give what occurred to myself as I travelled from Munich to Vienna. The journey is a long one, occupying the whole day. There were in the compartment with myself two ladies and two gentlemen, Germans, who could speak but imperfectly in the French tongue. Finding that I did not understand German, and that I could understand French, they adopted the French language for the day, and invariably checked themselves when they found, as they frequently did, that they had naturally fallen into their usual method of conversation. There was a true politeness about this that made a very deep impression upon at least one Canadian.

Passing by rail from Vienna to Trieste we have to cross the Semmering range of mountains, where we reach an altitude of four thousand feet, not by direct ascent, as on the Rigi, but by running round and round the mountains, mounting one terrace after another, until the range is crossed. Trieste is reached late at night, and a boisterous passage across the gulf lands the traveller in Venice at seven o'clock in the morning.

How often do we read of the Grand Canal at Venice, and what vague ideas these simple words convey of that wonderful city. I suppose to most people the words bring up before the imagination confused ideas of gay gondolas carrying musical swains to serenade their ladies fair at the steps of some dark passage where the waters beat a kind of rhythmic rhyme to the wooing and the cooing of the pair. Well, I daresay there is a good deal of that, for Venetian ladies are fair, and men are always soft. But it is not at all necessary to suppose that trysting-places must be on the water, for you can travel all over Venice by land as well as by water. It is true the streets are very narrow and very crooked. You have frequently to cross bridges, for there are two hundred canals intersecting the city. But you can go from end to end of the city, and to any part of it, without once taking a gondola. I don't say that you will do it when once you have tasted the luxury of ease you can find in these river cabs. A street as wide as one of our sidewalks is a street of more than ordinary width, and most of the streets are mere passages that you can span with extended arms; but you never suffer any inconvenience from this, for, in the first place, you never see a horse in Venice, and, in the next place all the heavy traffic is done by water, so that the streets are used simply for the convenience of those who choose to walk rather than take a boat. I am sure the ladies will be delighted to learn that there is one city in the world where moving from one residence to another is a positive luxury. I had an opportunity of witnessing three or four flittings, and I could scarcely help envying those who were permitted to take part in them. A small schooner is brought up to the door, and every article of furni-

ture is at once put on board, the door is locked, the family quietly take their places on deck, sit down to lunch, while the schooner safely glides to the new home.

My time will not permit me to attempt any further description of this wonderful city; and it is well worthy of a most extended description, for we hear so little about Venice now that we forget the Venice of history: the Republic that carried its arms to the farthest corners of the earth: that twice took Constantinople, and that at one time was to the world what England is to-day!

Florence, the Bella Firenze of the Italians, is another city with many pretty spots about it; but to speak of it as the "Flower of Cities" and the "City of Flowers" is just a piece of wild exaggeration. The streets are narrow and not over clean, while the shops are fairly good and nothing more. The beautiful Arno, that poets have dreamt over until they have made it a golden stream, is a sluggish, muddy river that creeps lazily through the centre of the city for the special benefit of Florentine boys, who can wade through its waters, from side to side, with the greatest of ease.

But I think that Florence can boast of the finest collection of pictures in the world. The Uffizi and the Pitti palaces are on opposite sides of the Arno, but they are connected by a long, covered bridge, which here crosses the river; and the passage from one to the other is lined with rich pictures in tapestry. I don't pretend to be a judge of paintings, and it may be that other collections are more thought of, but no gallery of pictures pleased me as well as the collection found in the Pitti Palace. The pictures are well arranged, and the rooms are well adapted to bring out the richness of each picture. The ceilings are vaulted and richly frescoed; then in each room there are tables and cabinets richly inlaid with precious stones, and these in some way seem to set the pictures off.

Titian's portraits are master pieces of art. I know nothing of the men he painted; but when you stand before one of them you know it is the picture of a living man. There is nothing stiff, nothing forced about the picture. Its naturalness is what at once attracts attention. Raphael's portraits are also good, but somehow I can't take to his Madonnas. I had read somewhere that these do not at first strike the beholder as anything very extraordinary,—that you had to stand gazing at them by the hour, studying every line and each shade of colour; and that as you thus gazed, you found yourself rising into a new world of thought until you felt the charm of their marvellous power.

Well, I thought I would give that a fair trial, so I got me before a Madonna and child, that is considered one of Raphael's best. It didn't at first strike me as anything extraordinary. Indeed I thought Murillo's Madonna a very much finer work, but I was anxious to get into that higher sphere of thought, and be charmed into an ecstasy over the picture, so I took a chair and sat down, gazing and gazing, waiting for the inspiration to come. I am sure I gazed as conscientiously as ever man did, but the picture wouldn't grow a bit. On the contrary I discovered that the child's cheek was swollen as if he had the mumps, and its arms were altogether too fat for its hands. There was no use, I could not make an artist of myself by sitting before an artist's work. So I came to the very wise conclusion that the picture grows only upon those who are resolved it shall grow. In other words, it is the fashion to praise Raphael's Madonnas, therefore they are wonderful masterpieces. Now nobody knows what the Virgin looked like, and the only description of the child we have does not warrant us in painting a beautiful child. But if beauty is desired, then Murillo's Madonna and child are what artists should go into ecstasies over, and not Raphael's.

The journey from Florence to Rome is through uninteresting scenery, except where here and there towns and villages are perched on towering rocks that overhang the valley through which we pass. These rocks are pierced with openings which overlook the highway, and when tier upon tier of lights are shining from them at night they have the appearance of fortified dwellings, reminding one of the middle ages, when such fortifications were a necessity of existence.

About seven or eight miles from Rome the traveller sees before him what seems to be a beautifully shaped mountain rising from a level plain. It has a

strange effect, standing out alone against the clear blue sky, visible only at intervals as the train winds in and out through the many curves of the road. But, as it breaks upon the view, rising majestically against the horizon, we need no guide to tell us we are gazing upon the beautiful dome of St. Peter's, the grandest church upon the face of the earth. The dome in a short time sinks below the hills again, or is shut out from sight as the train rushes in through the valley, but strange thoughts crowd upon the mind as we near the Eternal City. To be in the home of the Cæsars, under the shadow of walls that were built when the world was comparatively young: To know that somewhere in this neighbourhood St. Paul and Luke and Timothy walked and talked and wrote: To be in a city that was founded nearly a thousand years before Christ; that was a mighty power in the earth while as yet the inhabitants of Great Britain were tattooed savages.—Well, this is getting as near to the cradle of humanity as most men care to go.

How to make a selection of the many objects that present themselves for description in such a place is my difficulty. Perhaps, as I have already mentioned St. Peter's, I may be allowed to attempt what so many have tried and what must forever baffle any trial that may be made—a description of the greatest piece of work ever done by man.

I thought a great deal of St. Paul's, and it has objects of interest for a Canadian far surpassing anything to be found in St. Peter's—objects historically connected with the men that made our nation. And I thought a great deal of St. Mark's in Venice; but the perfect symmetry of St. Peter's and its enormous size put it out of comparison with any other church. Nothing but the grand mountains of Switzerland made such an impression on me. And yet the church from the outside does not show so well as St. Paul's. It is hidden by its portico, and overshadowed by the Vatican. But once inside, and that man must be strangely constituted who does not feel an involuntary inclination to worship. If paintings don't grow beautiful as you sit before them, churches certainly grow larger. No one takes in the size of St. Peter's on his first entrance; the perfect harmony and symmetry of the building take away from its size. Only when you begin to measure and make comparisons do you begin to grasp the idea of size.

For instance, as you enter the church you see that the dome is supported by four massive columns. They seem to be in perfect keeping with the place, and your mind takes in no other idea than that of ordinary columns in a church. But when you confine your attention exclusively to these columns, and find that they stand twice as high, and that they are twice as wide as any ordinary house, then you begin to take in the idea of size all round. I remember once reading about an officer sending his regiment to St. Peter's, and following afterwards himself, was surprised that none of his soldiers were visible, though all were present, and I thought at the time that the story was an exaggeration. I know now that ten thousand men could be placed in St. Peter's, and a man coming in at the front door would not see one of them. It is not easy to give an idea of size where you have no object of comparison, but most of this audience know the Metropolitan Church and the square upon which it stands. Well, if the altar of St. Peter's were over against the Roman Catholic Church on the north side of Shuter Street, you would have to walk from that down to the south side of Queen Street before you could get out at the front door. That may give you some idea of its length. Now imagine the whole of McGill Square covered with one building, then imagine another square half as large again laid out before it to represent the square of St. Peter's, and you begin to get an idea of the place I am trying to describe. But to get an idea of the richness and yet chasteness of its ornamentation, you must stand on its marble floors and look on its rich marble walls, relieved by pictures in mosaic that you can scarcely be persuaded are not oil paintings of the richest description. These are further set off by some of Canova's masterpieces in statuary. So exquisite are these in workmanship that a Pope might be willing to die for the chance of living again for ages in such noble marble form. Half way up the church to the right is the bronze statue of St. Peter, that for more than a thousand years has been seated

on a marble throne with foot extended to be kissed by devotees as they pass in or out of the church. This is what is called kissing the Pope's toe, and some of the guide books tell us that the foot is nearly worn away by this kissing. Well, I examined the foot with some care, and I have no hesitation in saying that if in the future it is only subject to the same wear and tear as in the past, it is good for at least a hundred thousand years. The toes are smoother on the extended foot, and it is just a question with me whether the position of the foot did not require a greater smoothness at the first.

I am sorry that I had no opportunity of witnessing here such a grand service as the Roman Catholic Church can give us; but at present the Pope by some fiction of the imagination holds himself a prisoner in the Vatican, and until he chooses to call himself free there will be no great or grand service in St. Peter's. This was a grievous disappointment to me, for I had looked forward to a grand service on Sunday, and the pettiest little village church in Canada could have given me a service more impressive. There was a marked want of reverence on the part of the singers as they responded in the solemn service of the mass, and the few hundreds of people present seemed to be lost in the immensity of the place. I went to the church intending to see nothing but devotion in the most ancient form of religion, and I came away convinced that the form only was observed, and then only as a matter of routine that had to be got through for the benefit of the few spectators present.

The Vatican adjoins St. Peter's, and as you go down the great square a door to the left gives you entrance by a noble marble stairway to that home of the popes. I shall not attempt to describe what is really a little town in itself. If, as it is asserted, there are eleven thousand rooms and corridors in the Vatican, you will be thankful that I don't even attempt to name them. I shall simply detain you a moment to say that the Sistine Chapel is under this roof, and that in this chapel the cardinals are walled up when engaged in the election of a new pope. Here, also, covering the whole end of the chapel, is Michael Angelo's picture of the Last Judgment. Writers who have not been to Rome get a little mixed with reference to this picture. I heard a speaker at a missionary meeting not long ago give a glowing description of it, but he had it in the dome of St. Peter's; and he gave the painter's name as Raphael, which was scarcely complimentary to Raphael, while it was doing an injustice to Michael Angelo.

I must carry you without ceremony right across the city to the Church of St. John's Lateran, if it be only to see the stair never ascended but on bended knee,—the stair up which Luther was toiling in prayer when that strange voice whispered in his ear "The just shall live by Faith;" and which whisper or inspiration became the keystone of the Protestant religion. The stair is a flight of twenty-eight marble steps, taken from Pilate's Palace at Jerusalem, and was brought to Rome, says tradition, by the Empress Helena. The steps are completely covered by oaken boards, worn smooth by the knees of the faithful. There are openings at intervals to allow the marble to be kissed. Devotees ascending these stairs on bended knee, can descend on foot an adjoining stair on either hand. In front of this church there stands an obelisk of red granite, weighing some six hundred tons. It was brought from Egypt sixteen hundred years ago, and is supposed to have been some thousands of years old then. So the traveller in passing can touch a column under whose shadow it may be Abraham rested when journeying into Egypt.

Turning south from this church and leaving the city by the San Sebastian gate, we enter the famous Appian Way, made by Appius Claudius three hundred years before Christ; and after a short time we tread upon the very stones that were trodden by St. Paul as he made his way from the Three Taverns towards the city to lay his appeal before Cæsar.

On the left of this way, just before we reach the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, is a small church, called "Domine quo vadis," in the centre of which there is a marble block, having the imprint of the Saviour's feet upon it, at least so say the monks. The legend they give you says that St. Peter, escaping from the city on account of persecution, meeting there the Saviour, said "Domine quo vadis," which, being interpreted, means "Lord, whither goest Thou?" The Saviour,

answering that he was going to Rome to be again crucified, brought Peter to a sense of his duty. He returned to Rome and to his labour until he was called to suffer martyrdom. The marble block in the church is the stone upon which the Saviour stood when He thus rebuked His faltering disciple; and it is no unusual thing to see devotees from all parts of the world kneeling before that stone and kissing the imprints with a religious fervour that does credit to their faith. I would be sorry to rebuke anyone I saw doing this, or to throw a doubt into their minds as to the reality of the story, for to them the thing is real, and the privilege of kissing that stone will be treasured up in the memory to give comfort, it may be, in a dying hour.

But I am not bound to accept the story myself, nor are you bound to believe the whole of it, though I tell you I saw the imprint with my own eyes. Half a mile beyond this is the entrance to the catacombs, a description of which is a hazardous experiment, it may be, before the author of the most learned work that has yet been written upon these underground sepulchres of the early Christians. Leaving the Appian way we cross a garden to a circular stair leading down to a dark chamber where lights are procured and other preparations are made for a still further descent into the cold passages underneath. The other preparation is a heavy cloak or shawl and a tumbler of wine as a fortification against the sudden change of temperature from the hot sun above to the chilly atmosphere beneath. The passages are narrow, crooked and intricate, crossing and recrossing each other in every possible direction, like the threads on a spider's cobweb. The graves are shelves cut into the walls of the passages, in which the bodies were placed and closed in by a marble slab. Here and there the passages open out on either side, making a vaulted chamber where it is supposed the persecuted Christians worshipped. These chambers are rudely decorated with frescoes that can scarcely be called works of art, and yet I had no difficulty in recognizing Daniel in the lions' den. And no one would mistake the character that was being cast up by a fish of some sort, though it certainly was not a whale, for this fish had a beautiful curl in its tail. Of course the curl might have been put there by way of ornamentation, but it is quite possible the artist, foreseeing the difficulties that are raised against the whale at the present day, made a fish to suit. You are not allowed to remain very long inspecting these curious memorials, for your guide makes his way pretty rapidly through, and you have no desire to be left behind to make your own way out.

The Appian way, which we take again, is a marvel of engineering skill, straight as a rule, and better now after two thousand years of traffic than are the streets of Toronto. It is lined on either side with ancient monuments, great structures of brick that had once been covered with marble. I don't know how far they extend, for I went only about five miles; but far as the eye could reach they dotted the landscape like ghostly giants of a former age.

I am sorry that I have to tax your patience, but there is one other church in Rome that I must ask you to visit with me. I would like to have said a word about the Pantheon, because I am satisfied that Paul, and Luke, and Timothy, like other sightseers of the present day, made it their business to visit that old pagan temple. But the Church of the Capuchins cannot be passed over. The Capuchins are an order of friars who, for many years, have been accustomed to gather the bones of their deceased brethren and arrange them in vaults under the church. Some are whole skeletons standing or sitting in niches made by the bones of their brethren, and clothed in the dress they wore while living. There are the skeletons of four thousand monks here. About a dozen of them are whole and clothed in the garb of the order. It is the arrangement of the bones that most attract attention. The skulls generally form columns or arches, but the other bones, big and little, are fastened in such a way as to make splendid designs over the ceilings, down the walls and over the ground. You could easily imagine that you were walking through a garden of flowers. Beds of all shapes are spread out before you with the usual walks between, while on the walls crowns and wreaths and other floral designs are beautifully displayed. And to add to the general effect or illusion, very fine rustic baskets filled with twining flowers are suspended over your head as you make your way through

the walks. I don't know that I ever saw more perfect designs anywhere. But wreath, flower basket, column, arch, and border, everything is made of dead men's bones. It is a curious fancy; and it must have been with a strange sensation that one of the order would walk through this fanciful garden, knowing that his bones after a while would help to form a wreath or mend a broken arch. I believe that no more gardening of this sort will be allowed. The Italian Government has ordered the strange custom to be discontinued. The last monk of the order who was raised from his grave has the skin upon his face, and his whiskers give him a look of life as he stands before you, in his black robe, holding his cross in his hands.

We will now, if you please, move rapidly past the Capital and down the hill towards the Forum. There I know of a spot where Macaulay's New Zealander could find employment for his ready pencil. I don't suppose there is another place in the world where the eye can rest on such an object lesson as that which is here presented. Imagine the New Zealander seated on the broken arch of Septimius Severus. There, directly under his feet, is the Roman Forum, which has echoed to the eloquence of Cicero, when perhaps Julius Cæsar and Pompey and Brutus were among his auditors. There, too, Mark Anthony thrilled the hearts of the Roman people. But right above the Forum stands the ruins of Cæsar's palace, from which the decree went forth "That all the world should be taxed." It was a simple act, the signing of that decree, but it called a new star into existence, and wise men from the East followed that star until it set over Bethlehem's plain. Then you are irresistibly reminded of that strange life in India, Samaria and Galilee, and especially of that last journey to Jerusalem, when from the brow of Olivet the sad prediction was uttered that not one stone of the city should be left upon another, for there, right under the palace of the Cæsars, is the arch of Titus, erected by Vespasian to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem. The arch spans the sidewalk, and I am told that to the present day a Jew will not pass under it, but will make a detour out into the street to get round the spot. Dark seemed the day of Christianity when that arch was erected; but here to the left is the Mamertine prison, where the grandest missionary that ever trod this earth was once imprisoned. He can preach in prison—nor does he preach in vain; for even in Cæsar's household he makes converts. The religion spreads; and there, beyond the Arch of Titus, just facing the Colosseum, which was built by Jewish captives, stands the arch of Constantine—the first Roman Emperor to embrace the new faith, and pagan Rome lifts up the standard of the cross to carry it in triumph round the globe!

The Mamertine prison is a circular room, about the size of an ordinary house. It is about twenty feet under ground; but as that is about the depth of the Forum, the prison in Paul's time was about on a level with the street, the twenty feet representing the *debris* of ages. Under the prison proper, is a lower cell where men were put when condemned to death, and here you are shown the stone to which Paul and Peter were chained while under sentence of death. Not far from the stone you are shown a spring of pure water that burst forth when Peter called for water to baptize his gaoler. I do not vouch for the truth of that legend, but neither do I think there can be any doubt about Paul's imprisonment in this place, and probably it was here he wrote, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." And in imagination you can follow him as he is led from the Mamertine prison across the Forum round the base of the Palatine Hill, out of what is now called St. Paul's gate, where a pyramid now stands overlooking the Protestant burying ground, that Paul looked at as he was being led to execution, past St. Paul's Church, which is richer in marble and precious stones than even St. Peter's.

On to the Church of the Three Fountains where Paul was offered up, and there I leave you, with your eyes following the martyred spirit, while your ear is strained to catch the voice that comes sounding through the air as it says, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day. And not to me only, but to all them also that love His appearing."

Here I remained some time in charge of the monk, who undertook to show me every object of interest connected with the death of St. Paul. First he showed me the identical block or column of marble on which Paul had to lay his head when he received the fatal blow. That I felt disposed to doubt; but when he showed me the three fountains, and told me that the decapitated head bounced three times, and each place where it struck a fountain sprang up, I confess he had me. Occular demonstration ought to convince any man; and no doubt the fountains were there, for I tasted their waters. But I am afraid that monk saw a look of incredulity in my eyes, for he put on a look of injured innocence, while I listened with an air of resignation to all that was said, and believed as much as I liked of it afterwards.

But if I am not to leave you in Rome again, it is time we were moving further south towards the beautiful Bay of Naples.

The run from Rome to Naples is very interesting, passing as you do the Aqueduct, built by Nero to supply the city with water—huge arches of stone that have defied the ravages of time for two thousand years. I am doubtful if we have at the present day any engineer who could construct a work that would last half as long.

After we have passed these monuments of engineering skill the country soon extends to a grand plain with enough rolling ground to lend beauty to the landscape. It does not require a very strong imagination to people these plains again with the ghosts of armed men contending for empire. Many a long year has passed since Rome was first invaded, and for nearly thirty centuries these plains have resounded to the tramp of warriors bent on conquest. How quietly they now sleep beneath these knolls, Goths and Visigoths; Romans and Carthaginians.

"They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle;
No sound can awake them to glory again."

The Roman Campagna in some places is very beautiful; far as the eye can reach you see an undulating plain teeming with vine and fig tree, and the little towns in the distance seem to sit cosily and comfortably on the lap of the Appenines.

By-and-bye the Bay of Naples is spread before you, and you are forced to confess that the Neapolitans are right when they call it the most beautiful bay in the world. Neither the Lake of Geneva nor the Lake of Lucerne can equal it, and indeed it is doubtful if it has its equal anywhere. It has so much in its favour—calmness, extent, background. What better background could you have than Vesuvius smoking away as if eager to belch forth its fiery stream? And Vesuvius forms only one side of the frame, the Island of Capri gives the other, with the Mediterranean Sea rolling in the distance.

From San-Martino, a lofty hill back of Naples, the prospect is very fine, and the city looks well, but it does not improve on a nearer acquaintance. In some places the houses are remarkably high and the streets remarkably narrow. The principal characteristic of its people is dirt. The streets are kept tolerably clean, but to look at the people—of course, I mean the multitude—one would think that the most unfashionable thing in Naples was cleanliness. In Rome, on the Palatine Hill, I had plucked some figs and I rather liked them. I was told I would get splendid figs in Naples, and sure enough they are splendid, but I didn't taste them. They are sold by the dirtiest lot of women I ever saw, and when you have seen the figs spread out for sale under the handling of such people, you don't want to think of figs again for a month. I would like to notice some of the good traits in the character of these people; but, as they tried twice in one night to pick my pocket, I might be prejudiced when speaking of their honesty, so I will leave them, and ask you to come with me to Pompeii.

The journey by rail, from Naples to the buried city, is accomplished in less than an hour, and the guard's cry of Pompeii sounds like a voice from the dead, so little are we accustomed to associate anything living with a city that was destroyed eighteen hundred years ago. And yet it has its railway station, and its ubiquitous cabmen, whose services can very well be dispensed with, as the walk up hill is not more than two hundred yards, to a barrier, where, on paying

two francs, you are furnished with a ticket and a guide, who is also a soldier, armed. Not much chance for relics here, and they don't take a large party either. There is a soldier for every two, and, as there are many parties, they keep crossing and recrossing each other, so that you are continually under their eyes. It is a very unpleasant way of doing a place, but, after all, it is only fair and just. These relics are more precious than gold, and it is not known what discoveries may yet be made. If strangers were allowed to wander at will through the place there would be much wasteful destruction of property. Your first visit is to the Museum, where you are shown what seem to be the bodies of three or four men and two women in a perfect state of preservation. The bodies, where they fell, formed, in the ashes and scoria, a mould from which these forms are cast. There are eight or ten loaves of bread without a break in them. The oven in which they were baked you see as you are making your rounds through the city. There are several handkerchiefs and other articles of wearing apparel, but these seem to have been damaged by the heat. There are eggs perfectly whole, and looking as fresh as if laid yesterday, though they were laid eighteen hundred years ago.

When you get through the museum you go up the street on a solid stone pavement. The sidewalk is elevated about fifteen or eighteen inches above the level of the street, and for crossings they had three large stones, which must have been awkward during the night. You can form some idea of the width of the roadway when you cross them in three steps. It is curious to notice the ruts worn in the stones by the wheels that rolled over them twenty centuries ago. Indeed it is with a strange and something of an awful sensation you walk those streets, and reflect that these very stones once resounded to the tramp of a wild multitude who in agony and despair thronged them everywhere. It requires but little imagination to bring up again the scene as you look upon the streets and houses that tell such a strange history. The streets are very narrow, the houses are many, and when each tenement poured its living stream of humanity into the narrow streets, mothers with their children, men with their household goods or worldly possessions, the sky overhead darkened with the falling ashes, unless where it may have been lit up by the burning embers, while from the mountain streamed the livid fire,—Oh! it must have been an awful sight, and no doubt was made more fearful by the struggle for life that would characterize such a scene. The rich in their carriages dashing madly down the streets utterly regardless of the moans or the groans or the curses of the down-trodden who would be swept beneath their chariot wheels as each one sought escape for himself. The sick left in their weakness to die in despair, terror and wild agony on every brow, all are brought before you as you turn this corner or enter that house. How strangely everything here has been preserved. As you walk the streets you look at the very signs that were over the shops of that day. They are written in large letters on the front walls in that red paint which seems to mock at time, and which even at this day retains its brilliant hue. It is a very curious walk one takes in such a place, and it requires a good deal of walking, for the streets are long and numerous, and yet not more than half the city is uncovered, and workmen are still employed in these excavations, now under the Italian Government. It is really surprising to find with what accuracy they are entering every house and lot in a catalogue, marking every one with the trade or calling that was there carried on. In some places this is easy enough; thus where you find an oven and a mill you may be sure a baker held his ground. And in one place a marble slab or block with the impression of a butcher's knife clearly traced on it would show what kind of a trade was carried on there; but in other cases special knowledge is required to catalogue as accurately as they now do. There are many streets now uncovered, and a good idea can be had of what the city was. Some of the houses were evidently owned by very wealthy men, and some by poorer men. The inequalities of wealth were just as marked then as they are now. Several temples have been uncovered and two theatres, all of them magnificent in design. In colours the Pompeians were partial to a brilliant red, next a yellow, then a blue, and lastly a green. The mention of this latter colour reminds me that I have to carry you in imagination to the

Emerald Isle, and as the distance is very great we can only name the route, not stopping for a moment to describe any of the places on it. We return from Pompeii to Naples and Rome, where we take the train for Paris by way of Genoa and the Mount Cenis tunnel. For three hundred miles we run on the edge of the Mediterranean, passing Pisa at night and Genoa just before the break of day. We get into Turin at eight o'clock in the morning, and from Turin to Mount Cenis we are running through a succession of tunnels until we reach the great tunnel itself. Running round the Mediterranean in this way we get a fair view of Sardinia and the Island of Corsica, and at Turin we are above ground long enough to admire the Italian side of the Alps, which seem to be under better cultivation than the French side, probably because they have more warmth. Passing through the tunnel we are again on French territory, and have yet a journey of twenty-four hours by rail before we can take that charming trip across the channel which makes Dover such a welcome sight to wilted passengers who feel that their faces must resemble her chalky cliffs.

Perhaps it would be well to break the fatigue of their journey by resting for a day at Windsor, where we may take the opportunity of seeing the State apartments. Windsor itself is an old-fashioned town with narrow streets and houses of all shapes and sizes; but Windsor Castle is a place worthy of a long line of kings. It is built on a hill, and the grand old towers look proudly down on the whole country below. There is the Curfew tower and Edward the Third's tower, then the towers of York, Lancaster, Brunswick, Clarence, and I don't know how many others; but in the very centre of the enclosure and commanding a view of the country for miles around is the great round tower so familiar in all pictures of the Castle. From this tower a good view may be had of the Royal Park, Frogmore, and Eton College, while right under your feet you have an historic pile that runs away back almost to the commencement of English history. It begins with Edward the Confessor, and it is still the chosen home of our noble Queen. The first room we enter is called the Queen's Audience Chamber. The ceiling is covered with a beautiful painting representing Catharine the Queen of Charles the Second sitting in a car drawn by swans and attended by any number of goddesses. Then the walls are all gobelin tapestry, which look like rich oil paintings. They represent scenes in the life of Esther, and the figures are life size.

The Queen's Presence Chamber is very like the Audience Chamber, and the tapestries are a continuation of Esther's history. Each tapestry is about the size of a parlour floor. It covers the wall like an immense picture, and the border of the tapestry is like a frame in which the picture is set. They have some consideration for visitors at the Castle, for, although the carpets are up and the furniture covered, they leave one or two pieces uncovered so that visitors may know what they are like. The chairs and sofas are all gilt, and the upholstery is either crimson or blue or light green to suit the walls. In two of the rooms the walls are covered with crimson satin, having the Royal Arms worked in for a pattern. The grand Reception Room is ninety feet long, thirty-four high and thirty-three wide. It is furnished in the very richest style, with large looking-glasses, fine cabinets, elegant vases, and other furniture to match. Here, too, the walls are covered with tapestry, and represent the history of Jason and the golden fleece.

The grand banquetting hall is two hundred feet long and nearly forty feet wide. The walls and ceiling are covered with the shields of the Knights of the Garter, and there are portraits of all the kings, from James the First to George the Fourth. The table is of solid mahogany, and a man sitting at one end would find it hard to distinguish a face at the other end, so great is its length. I was very much interested in what is called the Guard Chamber, where they keep a piece of Nelson's ship, the Victory—a piece of the mast, about eight feet high, with a hole right through it, made by a common ball at the battle of Trafalgar. Nelson's bust is on top of the mast. There is also a bust of the Duke of Marlborough, and a banner taken at the battle of Blenheim, with many other interesting relics. Then there is the Throne Room. Here the hangings and pictures are all blue. The Throne is ivory, richly carved. On the whole the visitor at

Windsor Castle comes away satisfied that our Queen has a very good house to live in.

It's a long leap from Windsor to Edinburgh, but, if we are to see Ireland to-night long strides will be necessary, and there must be few stopping-places by the way. Edinburgh is a beautiful city—it would be wrong to say more beautiful than Paris, but for its size it will compare favourably even with Paris.

Its natural advantages are great, built, as it is, on ridges that slope up into lofty hills, like the Castle Hill on one side and Calton Hill on the other. The streets, too, are wide and well laid out, kept in good order, and clean, while the stores are solid-looking stone buildings. Between Calton Hill and the Castle there is a ravine which is kept as a public garden, and as, from either hill, you have this continually under your eye, you must of necessity be always looking at something attractive. Princes Street, the principal street of the city, is built only on one side; the other side is a terrace overlooking these gardens, and on this terrace, with much taste, they have erected their monuments to Scotland's great men—Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Simpson, Allan Ramsay, and others.

Of course, I am speaking now of the New Town. The Old Town, which is reached by crossing this ravine, and which is built on a ridge that extends from Edinburgh Castle to Holyrood Palace, is something very different. Some of the houses are ten storeys high. Some of the lanes are not more than four feet wide, and, as these are crowded with tenement houses, it would be better, perhaps, not to attempt any description of the sights, sounds and odours that are presented to the different senses as we make our way as rapidly as possible to more inviting streets and courts.

St. Giles' Church, where John Knox preached, is in High Street, and his house stands on a bend of the same street, where it turns into the Cannongate, and leads down to Holyrood Palace, where Knox's Queen, the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, lived in daily dread of her terrible subject, Knox. At the Chalmers' Memorial Church I had the pleasure of listening to a man whose sweet hymns we often sing, Dr. Horatio Bonar. He is a fine-looking old gentleman, and makes a good impression on you by his dignified appearance. He is slow in his delivery, but every word tells, and he never seems to waste a word, rather making his sentences abrupt, through a fear, one would think, of weakening what he had to say by a rounded phrase. Glasgow is distant from Edinburgh a little over forty miles by rail, and you can, if you like, make the journey in an hour; but to get to Glasgow through the Trossachs takes a whole day, and it is well worth the roundabout journey it gives you. I don't think that Scotchmen need leave their own country to see bold and romantic landscapes. The scenery coming through the Trossachs will compare very favourably even with Switzerland. It is a quieter style of beauty. The mountains are not so lofty, and the lakes are not so large, but they have a beauty of their own of which Scotchmen may well feel proud.

I may here say that the Trossachs is a district made famous as the scene of Scott's "Lady of the Lakes," and thoroughly to enjoy the journey a fair knowledge of that poem is necessary. Ben Ledi and Ben Lomond are not as high as the mountains in Switzerland, but their shape and colour greatly help them. Heather in full bloom, when it covers a whole mountain side, is a sight worth seeing. Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, especially the latter, remind you very forcibly of the lakes you see from the top of the Rigi. But the whole route, from Edinburgh over the field of Bannockburn to Stirling, then on to Callendar, and through Roderick Dhu's country to Loch Katrine, thence by boat and stage to Invesnaid, where you take boat again on Loch Lomond, brings you through a district of romantic beauty and lands you in a city that will very soon take all the romance away.

Glasgow is very much larger than Edinburgh, built with the same kind of limestone. The streets are long, straight and wide, well paved, but not over clean. The traffic through the city is enormous, and the people seem intent only on making money. It seemed to me as I sailed down the Clyde to Greenock that Glasgow must be doing the whole carrying trade of the world! After leaving Greenock we get out to sea, and get into bed to wake up in the morning at Belfast.

Now, it requires a certain amount of enthusiasm to see Ireland. It's like eating oysters. The taste must be cultivated. You can't take to it at first, especially if in your first dealing with an Irishman on his native sod you find he can cheat like a Neapolitan, and no Neapolitan hack driver ever thought of cheating as did the driver of my Irish jaunting car when he brought me from the steamer to the hotel. I had read a good deal about the proverbial honesty of my countrymen. I was a firm believer *once* in that lady that travelled through the worst part of Ireland wearing rich and rare gems, and having a fine gold ring on her hand, who, when she was asked if she didn't fear to stray with so much wealth about her, was indignant at the reflection on her countrymen, and said that—

"Though they love women and golden store,"

"Sir Knight they love honour and virtue more."

It is a charming picture of Irish chivalry and scrupulous honesty, but 'tis poetry—not prose—and my countrymen are prosaic enough where they catch a presumed greenhorn.

No one objects to being cheated now and then, but to be charged five times the ordinary fare for a beastly conveyance that keeps you in jeopardy every moment is enough to try the temper of any one. And of all modes of conveyance that were ever invented to try the patience of mortals commend me to the Irish jaunting car. You sit sideways in a seat that is placed over a low wheel, holding on as best you may to a small iron bar. The shafts are tipped over the horse's head. In case of a collision with a lamp-post, a street corner, or another vehicle, your legs serve as buffers to protect the car, and your driver has a malicious pleasure in watching you squirm as with reckless audacity he turns a sharp corner that takes your breath away as you wonder how you managed to get past without a broken limb. Then the miserable little wheels go bump, bump, bump over uneven roads until you are chafed in temper as well as in body, and ready to curse the stupidity that clings to the most miserable conveyance that was ever dreamt of under the sun. Belfast has no pretence to beauty of any sort. Its streets are of fair width, but the houses are dingy and ill-assorted. They build with brick, and in some cases do not take the trouble to point the brick, which very seriously detracts from the general appearance. They have, however, some very fine stores, and seem to carry on a very brisk business.

Clones, a town about three hours from Belfast by rail, is, I suppose, a fair specimen of an Irish town. It lies on the side of a hill, and the main street runs from the railroad station up the hill to a square called the Diamond. On this main street there are about half a dozen stores fairly respectable, but with goods in admirable confusion, as if customers were allowed to haul them about, and no one cared to put them up again. The rest of the street is made up of small whitewashed cabin stores, many of them with thatched roof. All these stores have wooden doors opening above and below. In the morning, when the upper half only is opened, customers are not expected in, for the whole establishment is then busy—some industriously making their toilet. This is pleasantly suggestive where the goods sold are groceries. Others on their knees before the chimney place coaxing the fire to burn, while the children like little cherubs—like in the matter of clothing—gambolled like porpoises among the edibles for sale.

When the lower half of the door is opened customers walk in and suit themselves. Irishmen are not over fond of order anywhere, either in politics or domestic economy. Or it may be that they like to have things handy. At all events I noticed in these small groceries that the potatoes were heaped up on the floor without so much as a board to keep them in their place, while soap, flour, eggs and grain were scattered about in rich profusion. Half an hour would tidy up any of the shops, but an Irishman would say, "Sure, and it would be all upset again." This feature in the Irish character is forced upon your notice even as you pass through the land by rail. There is a want of order manifest everywhere—a culpable carelessness as to the appearance of the little plots of ground called farms—that is noticeable even by one like myself, without any

pretence to farm knowledge. The ground is seemingly as good as English farm land, but you see at once that they do not make as much of it. There are, of course, exceptions, but this is the general rule, and as you pass through the country places, where the Irish cabin comes under your observation, and remember what an influence the surroundings of home have on personal character, you are satisfied that these homes are just what would make a careless, unthrifty man or woman. And in too many cases we must confess that the Irish people are sadly lacking in forethought, thrift and tidiness. There is a careless abandonment of character that will have to be educated out of them before they will ever become anything but good-natured, helpless mortals, ready to account for their poverty in any other way rather than admit that they bring it on themselves, and at bottom vainly believing that Providence has so ordered it, and that Providence some day will perhaps order it otherwise. The corduroy pants, battered hat, and shirt sleeves are no fancy sketches of the Irishman, while the short pipe is as much one of his features as the nose on his face. Both men and women, in spite of poverty, dirt and rags, look healthy, cheerful and contented, and it does not require much association with them to find out that they are most aristocratically descended. I had an amusing illustration of this trait in Irish character while searching up some family records in Newtown Butler and Magheraveely. In Newton Butler, the chief house of the village is owned by a person bearing the family name I was seeking. The only member at home when I called was Miss Jenny, a lady, tall, fair, and, let us say, thirty. She was not unwilling to talk about relatives, but some way the conversation always turned towards an uncle who had been a Colonel in the British Army, and, as my blood was not blue enough to run in the veins of a British Colonel, I made but little progress there. She, however, directed me to the Post Mistress of the village, a lady of fifty or thereabouts, ringleted, prim and precise. Well, no; she didn't remember any of her family emigrating to America. She had an uncle who died a Colonel in the British Army, and the pedigree in that direction could be traced with unerring accuracy. From the Post Office I made my way to a small grocery store, kept by a woman whose name excited my curiosity, and announced myself as a Canadian in search of his ancestors, but, bless you, this woman too had a relative who, when he died, was a Colonel in the British Army. By this time I had had a little too much of that Colonel. I was getting desperate, and ready, if necessary, to claim relationship with Brien Borhu or any other aristocratic Irishman. And I succeeded in my purpose. But this is a laughable feature in Irish character, and I think I have met with those who have carried it across the Atlantic. I have no difficulty in bringing up before my mental vision the mansions they describe as having been in possession of the family for generations. Mud-wall mansions thatched with straw. My Irish friends will see at once that I did not visit the Lakes of Killarney nor come near the Blarney Stone.

Dublin is worth seeing. It is a stirring city; more like London, by the rush of business, than any other city in Europe. Sackville Street is like an avenue in an American city; but there is more business done on Grafton Street. The Bank of Ireland, formerly the Irish House of Parliament, is a very fine pile of buildings standing in College Green. Over against it is Trinity College—a school that has turned out some of the most gifted men in the world. Dublin has one of the best parks in Europe, and Phoenix Park is well worth a visit. The grass is like a green velvet carpet, kept in admirable order. The Vice-Regal Lodge is in this park: rather a mean-looking building, with small, old-fashioned windows. The Chief Secretary's house is over against it, perhaps half a mile away among the trees.

I am not attempting any description of Dublin or its people. They require more study than I had time to give them. But here, too, as in London, the gin palace is in full blast, and reeling men are very plentiful, while free fights are not at all rare. Policemen in Dublin are great, stout men; and they require to be stout, for an Irishman conscientiously believes that part of his mission in life is to resist the law; and policemen, in making an arrest, have frequently to hold their prisoner against a little army of rescuers.

There are some very fine churches in Dublin, notably St. Patrick's Cathed-

dral and Christ Church Cathedral, both of them built in a very low neighbourhood, and surrounded by the very worst slums in the city.

Our Methodist friends have their best church on Stephen's Green, one of the best sites in the city; but, with the humility that clings too closely to Methodism in the Old Country, they have built a chapel, not a church. A little self-assertion on the part of our friends there would place them in a much better position before the world.

As I took you out in the *Russia* I will ask you to return by the *Sarmatian*, one of our own Canadian Line, and a much steadier vessel than the *Russia*. The journey back is somewhat shorter. We took the mails at Moville Bay on Friday evening, and landed them at Rimouski on the following Friday. In doing this we were greatly favoured by a storm which was with us, and sent the vessel flying over the waves like a thing of life. The sight was one not easily forgotten; far as the eye could reach the sea was "rolling in foaming billows," and as you stood on the bow looking up at the waters they seemed to be coming down right over the ship, then in a few moments they were just as high over the stern, while at the side they lashed themselves into fury against the vessel. Twice they broke over the deck and washed things about in a lively manner, but our vessel gracefully dipped and came up again like a duck. That gale drove us three hundred miles in nineteen hours. Coming up the Gulf I saw such scenery as Canada only can produce. On the shore our maple leaves, with their rich vermilion hue, lit up the landscape for miles around, while the broad expanse of water, smooth as a mirror, catching up this hue by reflection threw it against the eastern horizon in the richest mauve imaginable. Everywhere there was beauty, and many of these indentations on the Gulf coast are as beautiful as the Bay of Naples.

As I said at the beginning, there is a peculiar charm in visiting places that are rich in historical association. But when we have seen all that we can see, and then begin to make comparisons with our own country, think of our educational advantages, our social customs, our free institutions, our liberty of thought and action, our present position and our future prospect, then as Canadians, proud of our country, we can truthfully say—

"There's no place like home."

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